

Some people see things as they are and ask why. Others dream things that never were and ask why not. I am the latter, a passionate believer of dreams, which is like the guiding light at the end of the tunnel, giving off some hope amidst the gloominess. A famous saying that got me inspired goes, "Shoot for the moon; because even if you miss, you will land among the stars." To me, there is nothing wrong with indulging in reveries, which is a way of escaping from the harsh reality.

Five years ago, my world came crashing down. A seemingly innocent "show and tell" session was the start of my misery. That day, I strutted unknowingly to the front of the class, bursting with confidence as I revealed my placard to everyone. The word I had chosen to present on was "If". There I started my persuasive speech, oblivious to the exchanges amongst the audience before me.

"If the world was a fairyland, we would travel around in pumpkin carriages. If I could fly or possess superhero powers, I would save those in distress. If magic existed, I would chant spells and grant wishes..." and the list went on. When my speech ended, there was clapping, but I could feel the awkward atmosphere then and the skeptical smirks that were arrowed towards me. Since then, I was thrust into a life full of jeering and mockery as I tried to stand unwavered beneath the discriminating eyes of others, ones that were quick to judge.

Why, you may ask. It was the fact that I was cast out from my clique after admitting to my fairy tale like fantasies. I believe in dreaming, believe that it is perfectly alright to come up with farfetched stories in contrast to the dull life we are leading. Yet this theory was not welcomed by those I once considered friends- I received scornful remarks in return. Left alone, it was then that a childhood friend's words suddenly hit me: "dare to dream". Those three simple words sparked something in me that I could not quite comprehend, but it got me thinking, reflecting and wondering why I was acting like a weakling, minding ridiculous insults. Why should I bother myself with those?

So today, I stand tall, proud that I had listened to my heart then, flying towards the dream world I have been creating and believing in all along. Now as I look back on those who had scorned me before, I often ponder over their reasons for hating dreamers like myself. Was it a reflection of

their own insecurities, confusion and justifiable worries against the warped concept that dreams are childish? Or perhaps their views are stemmed from their culturally molded set of values given this meritocratic society, too guarded over their own philosophies to accept other notions.

As for me, dreams will continue to hold aspirations and memories of the ideals I uphold, representing the hopes of escapists like myself and I will defend this motion with resolution. Having to deal with my everyday mundane activities, dreams and fantasies hold great appeal to me. It is dreams that redefine my value in life; it is dreams that give me the courage to imagine and it is dreams that have shed hope on the emptiness that had once overwhelmed me.

Dreams- That I believe in.

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